



42 MAY 98

TIMES PAST STARMAN



SCIENCE
AND
SORCERY:
1944
GUEST-STARRING The DEMON

ROBINSON • SMITH • VON GRAWBADGER



OPAL

MY
CLIENT HAS
NOTHING
FURTHER TO
SAY!

YOUR CLIENT IS
WANTED IN FIVE
STATES. IF HE
DOESN'T TELL US
WHY HE WAS IN
OPAL...WHAT HE WAS
PLANNING, THEN
WE'LL HAVE
NOTHING FURTHER
TO SAY.

IN HIS
DEFENSE.

1944: Science and Sorcery

writer: JAMES ROBINSON • penciller: MATT SMITH • inker: WADE VON GRAWBADGER • colorist: GREG WRIGHT



THE
ATTACK

WAS--

BLOOD IN MY MOUTH. I
KNOW IT *ISN'T* MINE. NOR
THAT OF AN ANIMAL.

A PARTING GIFT, NO DOUBT.
DEAR, DEAR ETRIGAN. LEAVING
ME WITH A *BAD* TASTE.

AND...

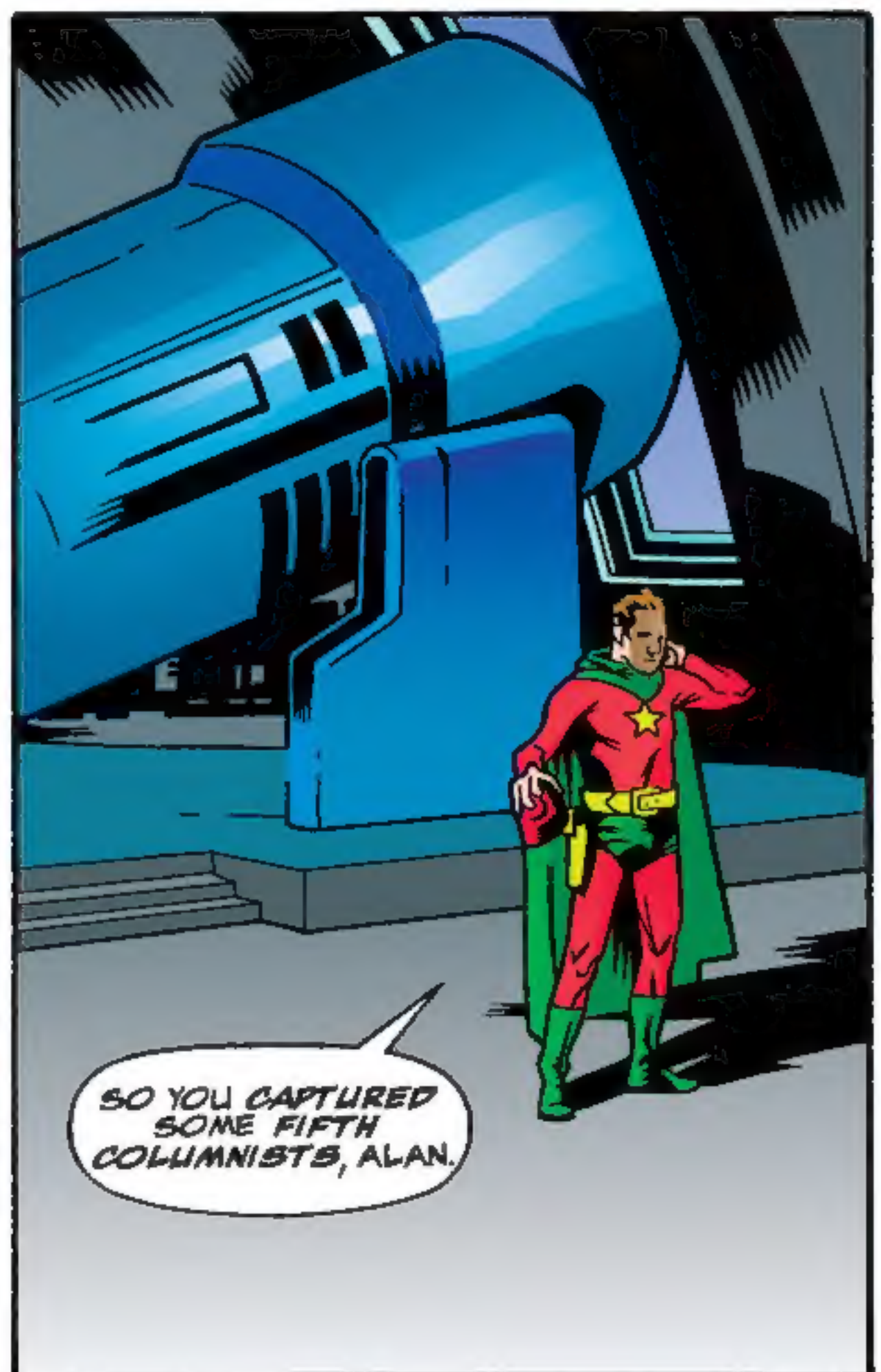
A Tale of Times Past

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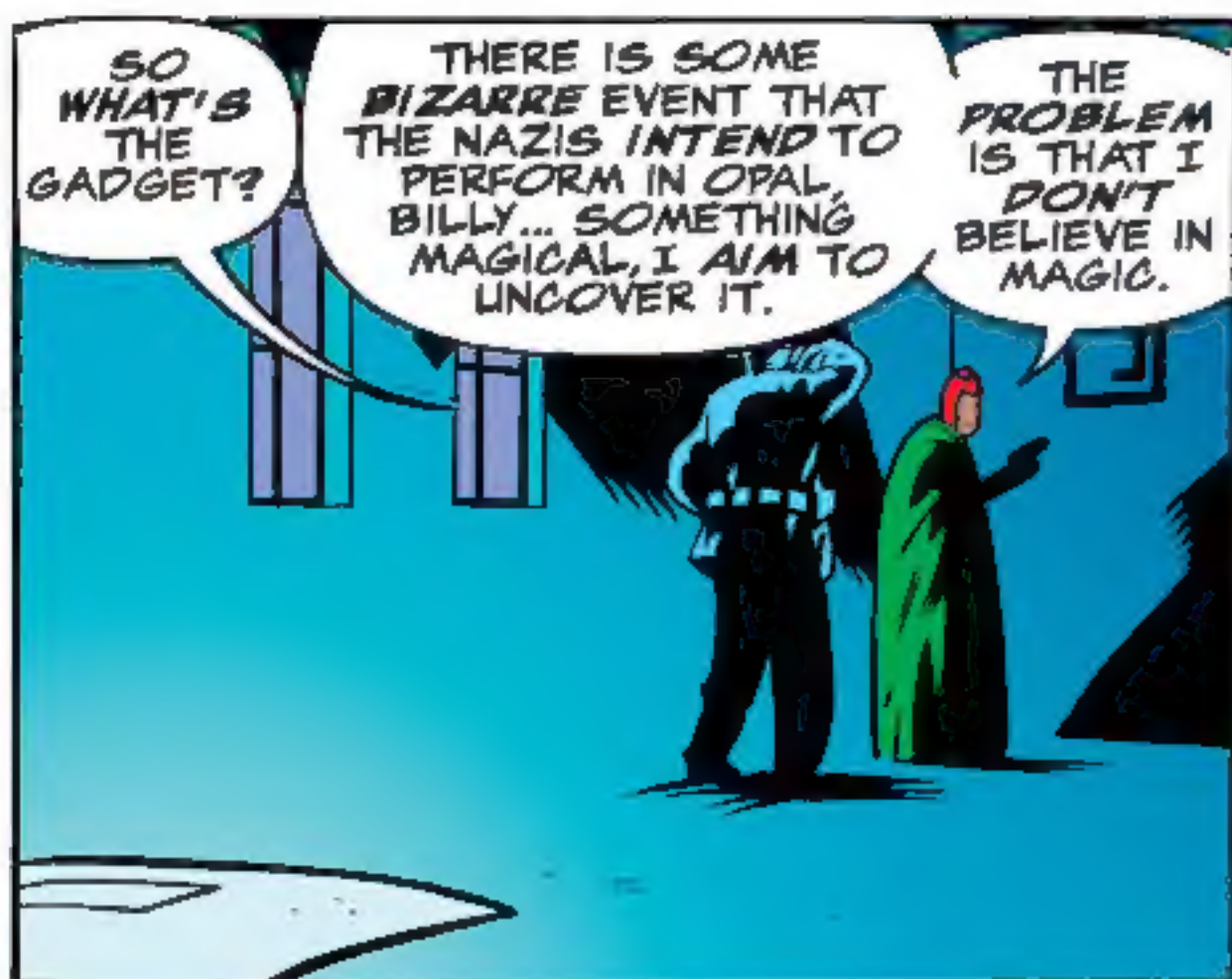
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SO WHAT'S THE GADGET?

THERE IS SOME BIZARRE EVENT THAT THE NAZIS INTEND TO PERFORM IN OPAL, BILLY... SOMETHING MAGICAL, I AIM TO UNCOVER IT.

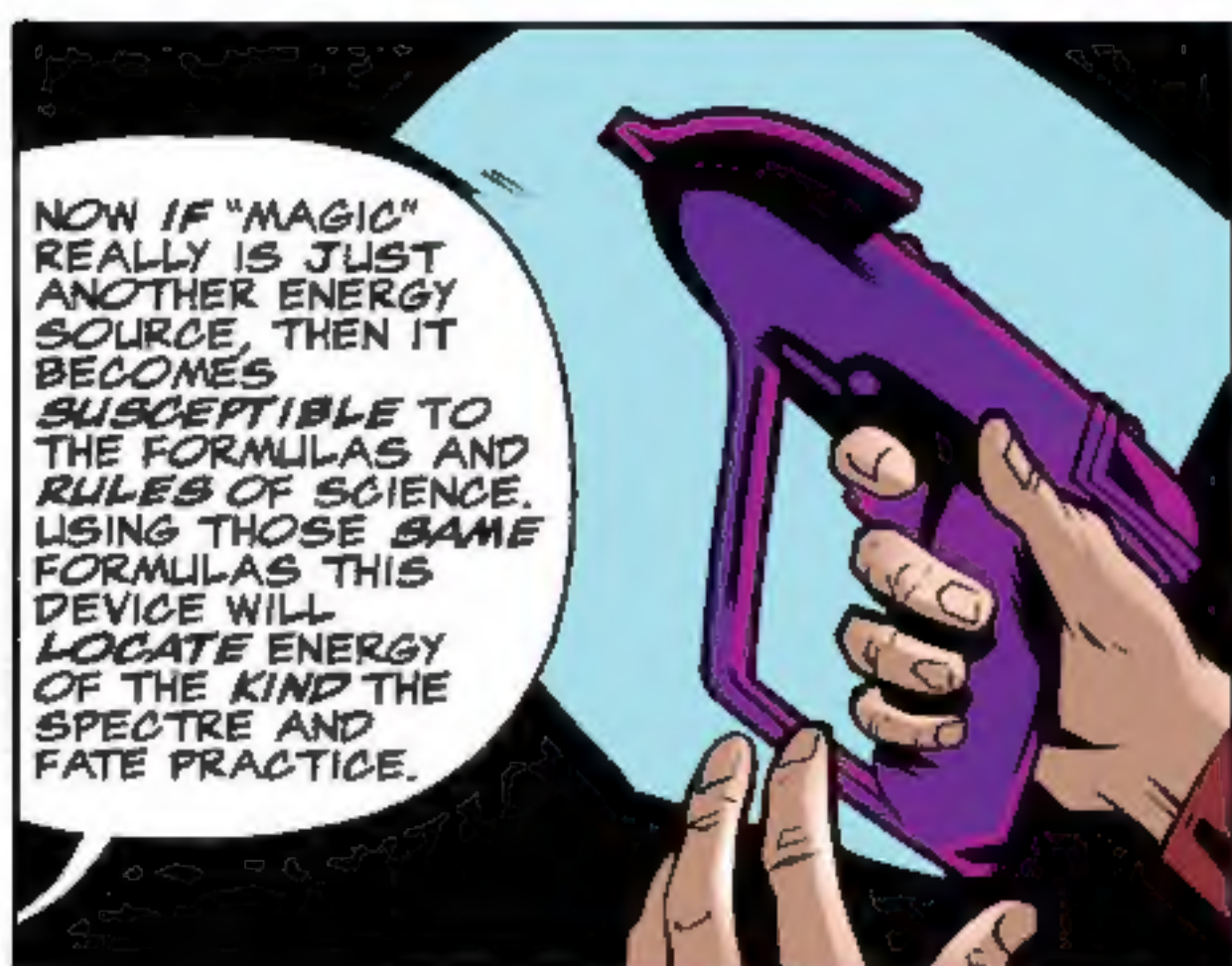
THE PROBLEM IS THAT I DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC.



BUT YOU KNOW THE SPECTRE AND DR. FATE.

I BELIEVE WHAT THEY PRACTICE IS MERELY THE WIELDING OF ENERGY. THERE IS NOTHING MYSTICAL ABOUT IT.

YOU EVER TOLD 'EM THAT?



NOW IF "MAGIC" REALLY IS JUST ANOTHER ENERGY SOURCE, THEN IT BECOMES SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE FORMULAS AND RULES OF SCIENCE. USING THOSE SAME FORMULAS THIS DEVICE WILL LOCATE ENERGY OF THE KIND THE SPECTRE AND FATE PRACTICE.



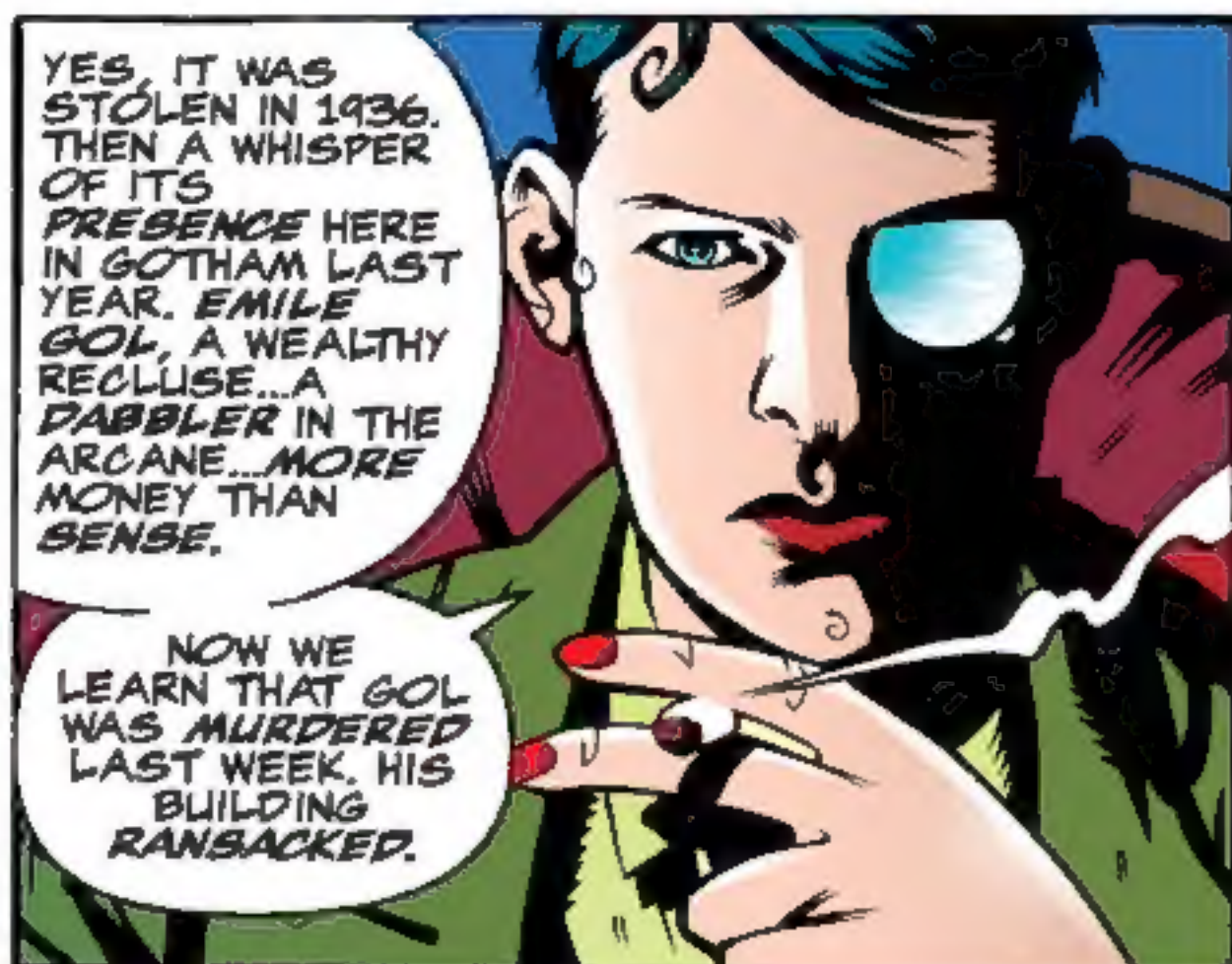
IT'S A MAGIC DETECTOR?

AN ENERGY RESISTER. THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS MAGIC, BILLY. NO SUCH THING.



THE BOOK OF TUNES. IT HAS TO BE, CLAIRE.

IT WAS STOLEN FROM THE TURKISH CONVENT WHERE SIR JUSTIN OF THE WINGED HORSE SEQUESTERED IT CENTURIES AGO, AFTER FREEING IT FROM THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.



YES, IT WAS STOLEN IN 1936. THEN A WHISPER OF ITS PRESENCE HERE IN GOTHAM LAST YEAR. EMILE GOL, A WEALTHY RECLUSE...A DABBLER IN THE ARCAINE...MORE MONEY THAN SENSE.

NOW WE LEARN THAT GOL WAS MURDERED LAST WEEK. HIS BUILDING RANSACKED.



THE BOOK OF TUNES IS A GATEWAY TO THE VOID.

AN EMPTY DIMENSION. LEGEND HAS IT THAT PANDORA OPENED NOT A BOX BUT RATHER THIS BOOK, AND UPON UNLEASHING EVIL, CAUSED THE PLACE FROM WHERE IT CAME TO BE EMPTY.



SO WHY WOULD THE NAZIS WANT IT? WHY WOULD THEY SEND IT TO OPAL CITY?

I THINK A TRIP THERE IS MY ONLY ROAD TO AN ANSWER.





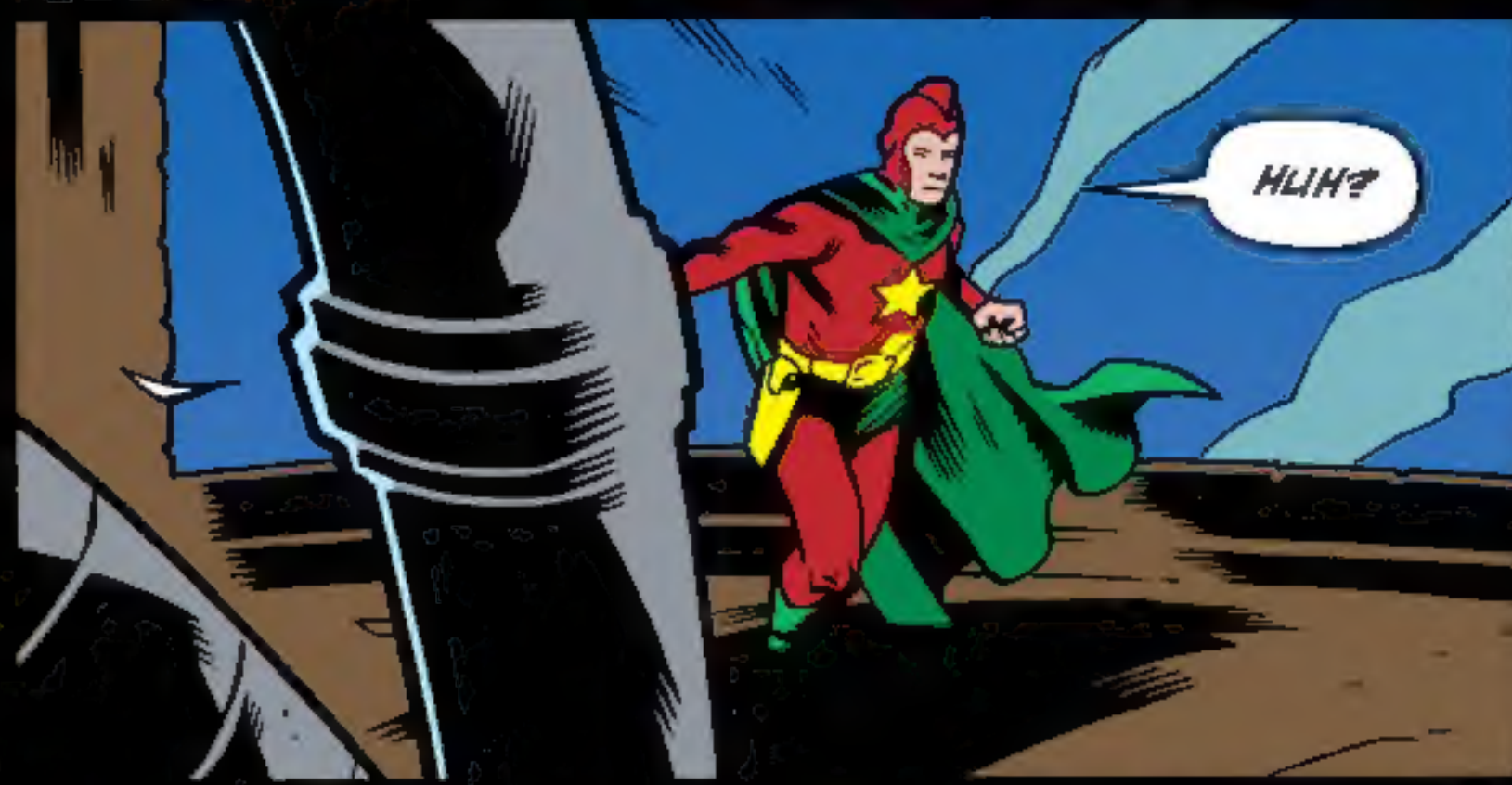
THERE.
EAST SIDE
NEAR THE
RIVER.

MY ENERGY
SENSOR
WORKS LIKE
A CHARM.

NAZIS
HERE I
COME!



THE DAGGETT
MACHINEWORKS
DESERTED SINCE
'38, WHICH MEANS
WHATEVER THEY'RE
DOING NEEDS
SPACE.



HUH?

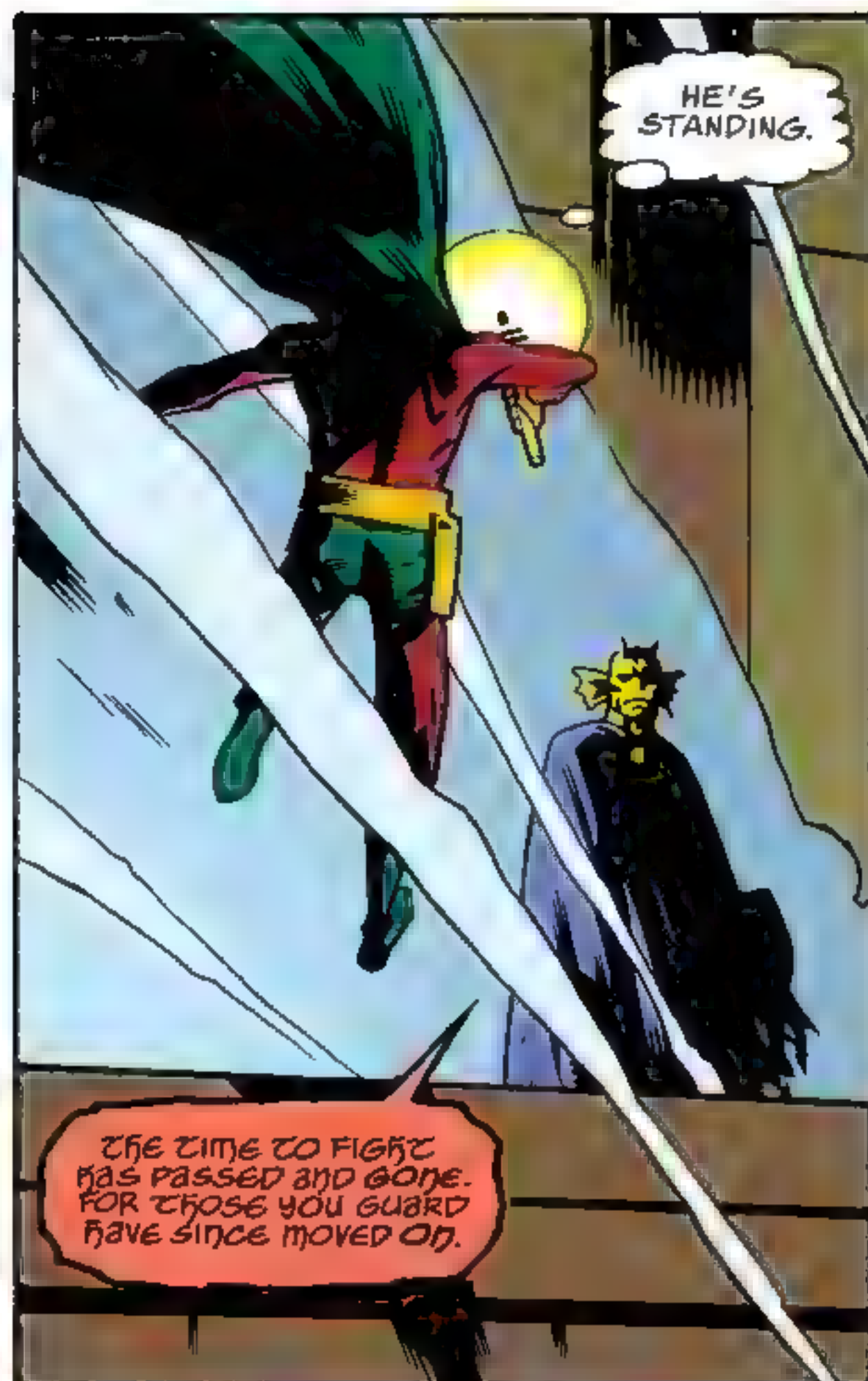


WHAT'S
THAT? IS IT
A MAN? AN
ANIMAL?



IT'S
ATTACKING.
GOTTA--





In the days that followed
Ted returned to his life.

But he was
shaken.

Shaken.

IT THOUGHT
I WAS GUARDING
THE NAZIS, RED. I
THINK ITS VERSE
SEEMED TO IMPLY
THAT.

"IT" STARS?
YOU KEEP
CALLING THE
THING AN "IT"?
WHAT WAS IT?

I...I'M
NOT
SURE.

And at that time
there was word of
sightings.

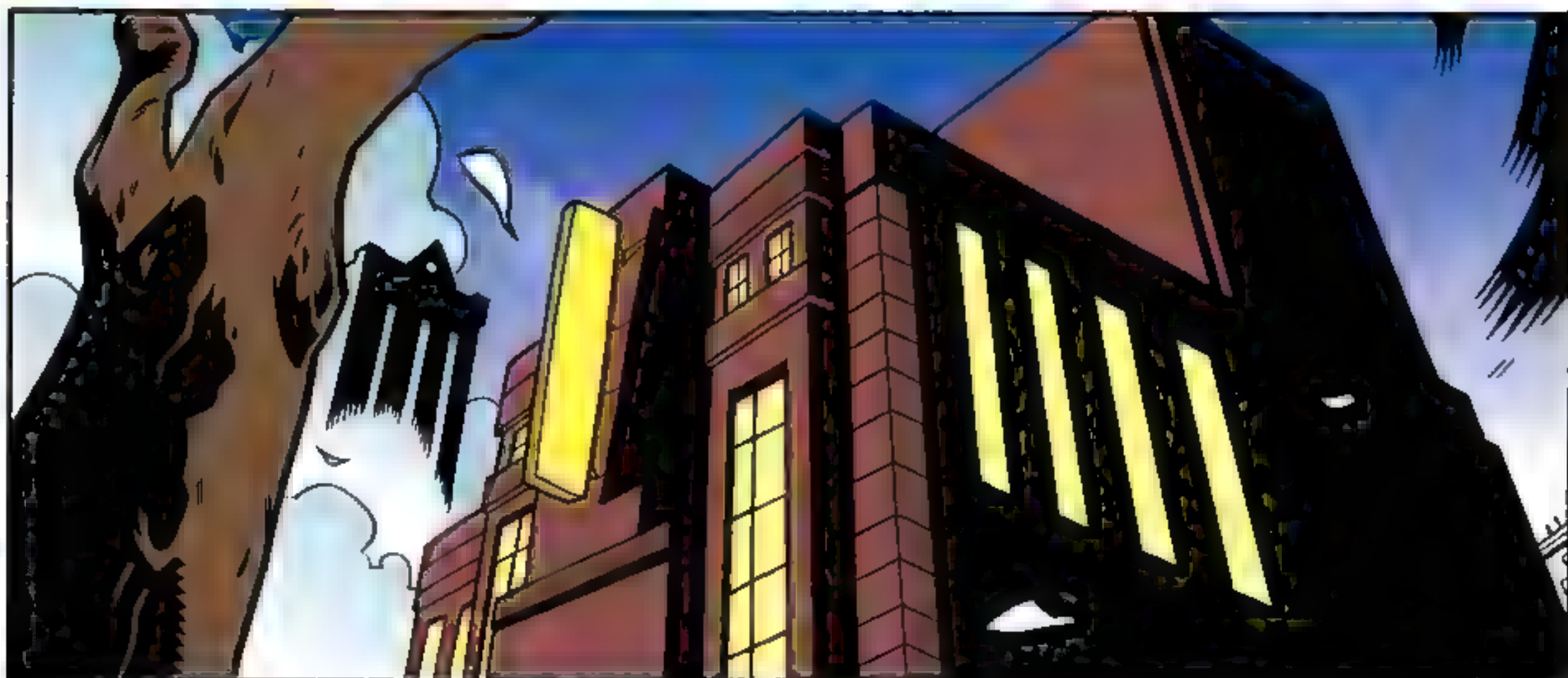
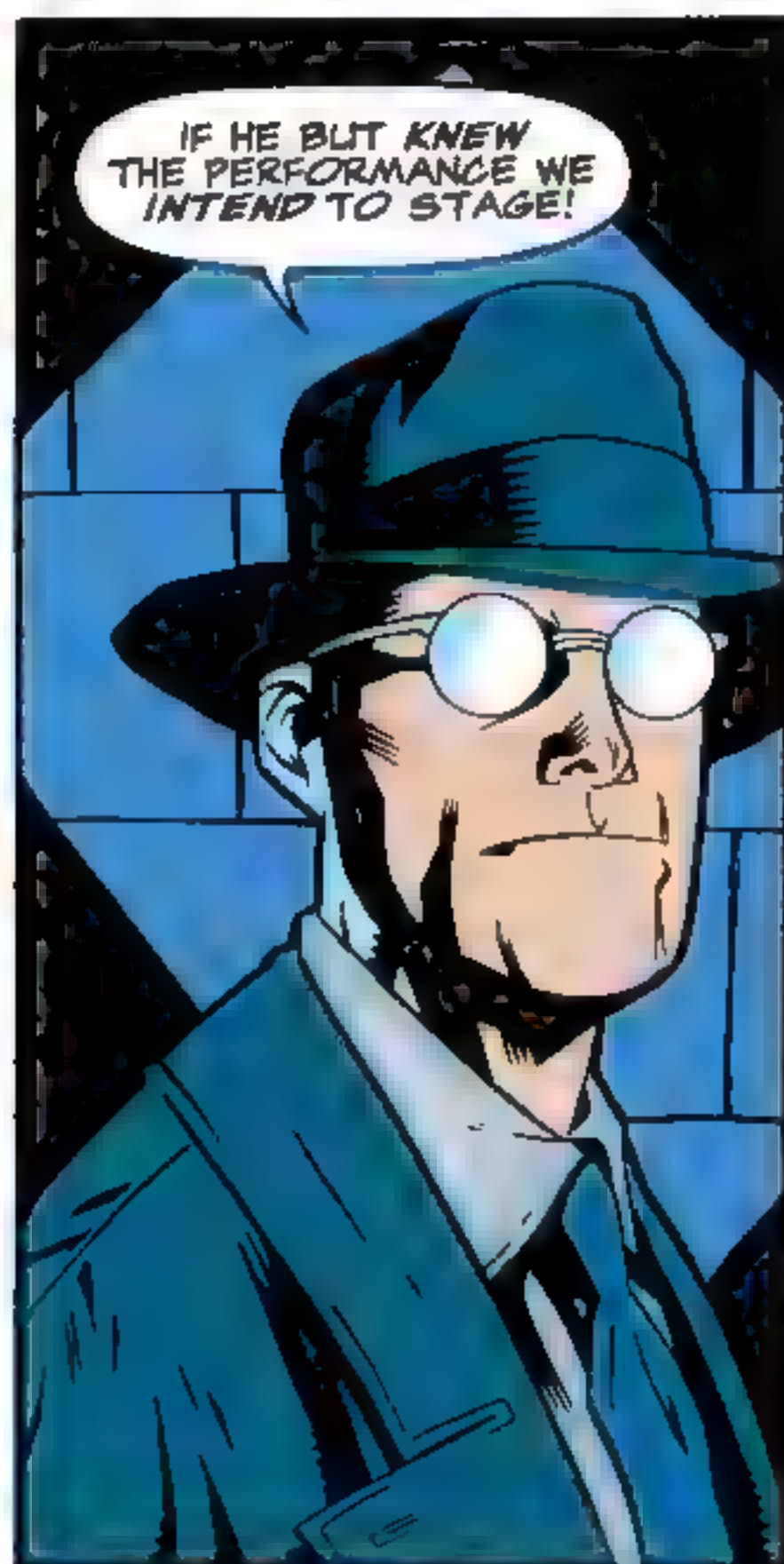
Old man and Eagle
Scouts out scouring the night
skies for enemy planes saw
something...

...that they would carry
with them forever.

A beast...some form of beast, and its
obscene skyline dance. That would only
cease, intermittently...

...at those times when it
cursed the heavens.







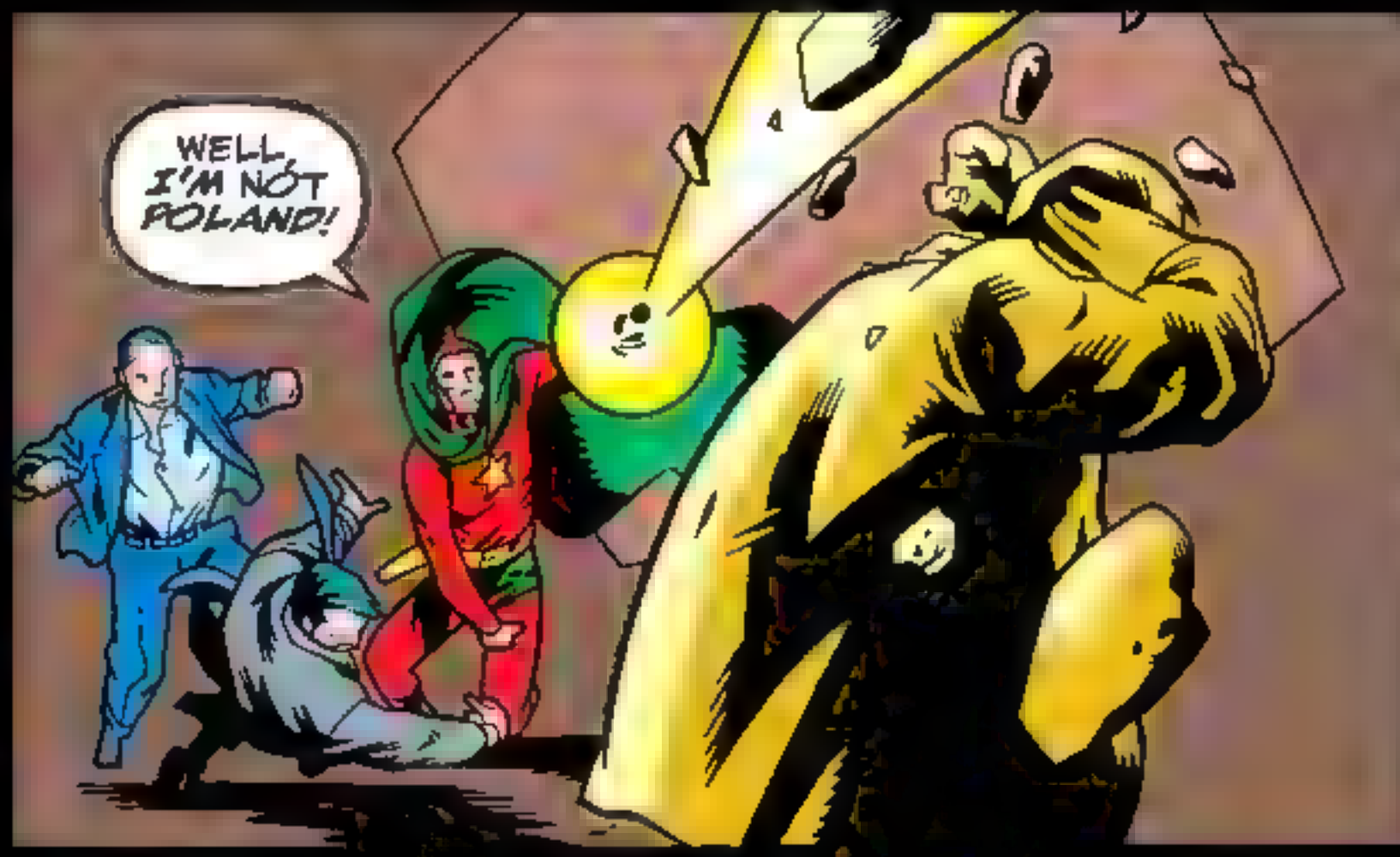




COME! THERE ARE MORE OF US THAN--

THAT'S THE WAY YOU GUYS OPERATE, HUH?

MORE'S BETTER, MIGHT'S RIGHT?



WELL, I'M NOT POLAND!



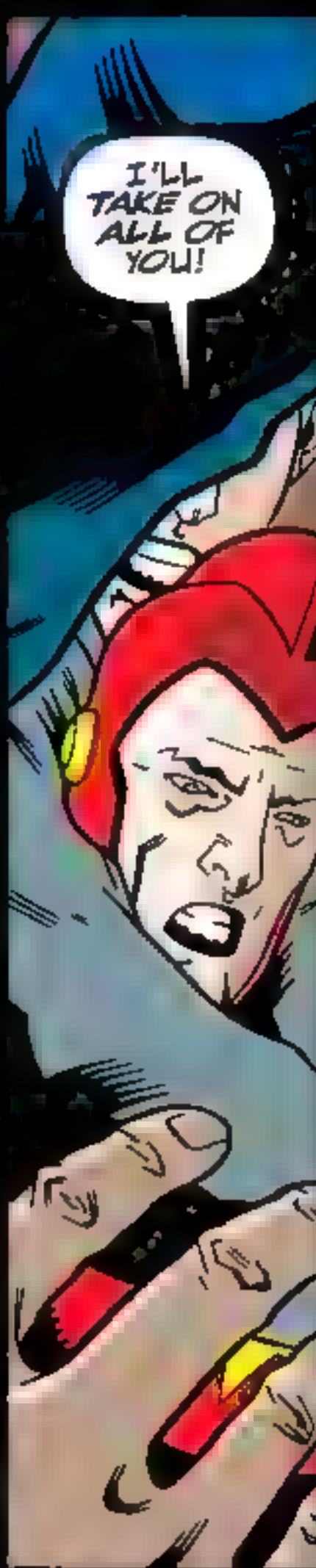
GOT H--

NNNNN

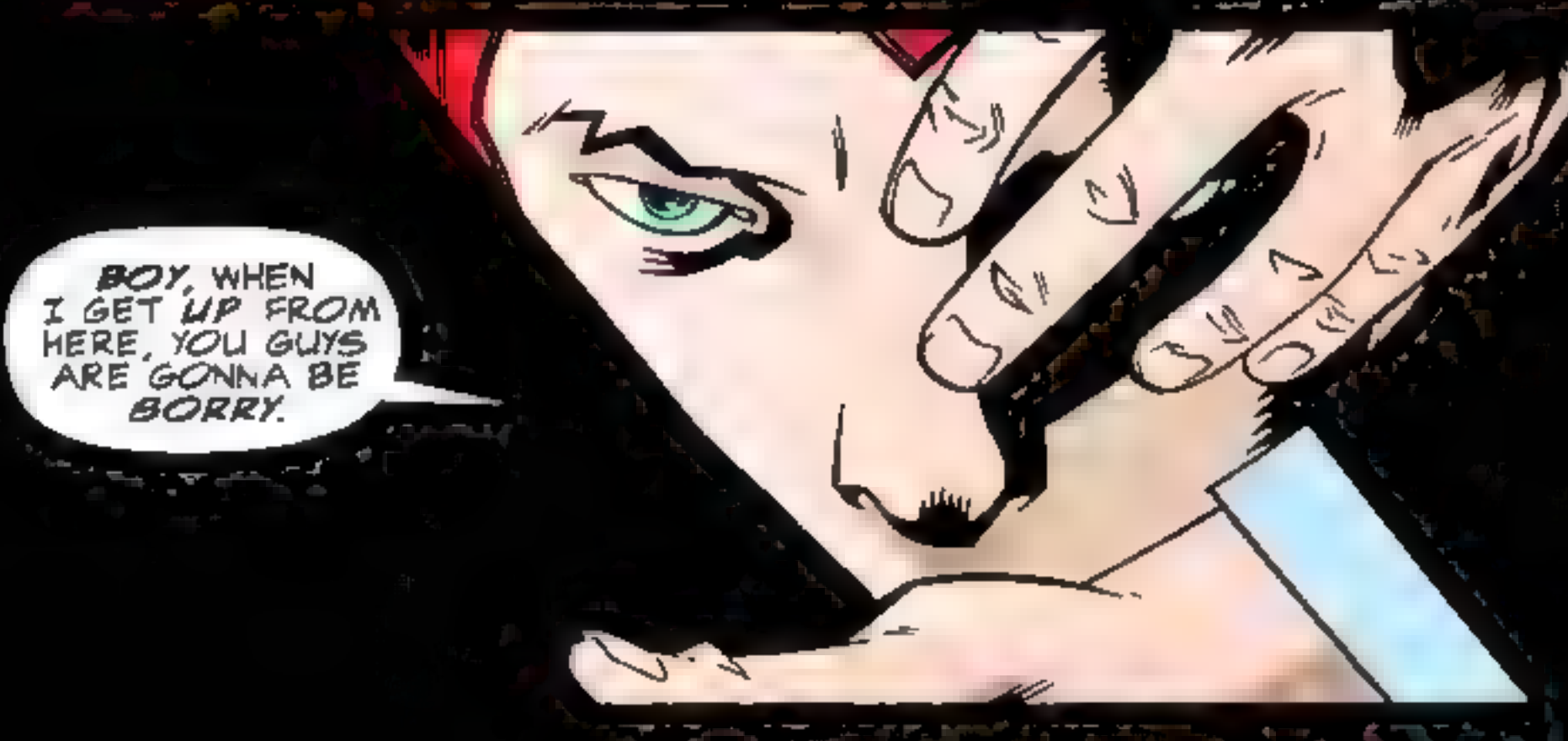


I'LL HOLD HIM! COME ON!

YEAH, COME ON!



I'LL TAKE ON ALL OF YOU!



BOY, WHEN I GET UP FROM HERE, YOU GUYS ARE GONNA BE BORRY.



NO TRUER WORDS
HAVE YET BEEN SAID,
AS THESE AROUND,
SO SOON THE DEAD...



... WILL LEARN
IN THEIR LAST
MOMENTS
SPENT...



... BEFORE
MY FLAME AND
THEM HELL-
SENT.



I SEE NOW,
YOU ARE
NOT MY FOE.
THEREFORE,
I WOULD ADVISE
YOU...



...GO.





...I HAVE THE TOME.
I WILL AWAY AND
TAKE IT HOME.

WHY?
WHAT DID
YOU WANT
WITH IT?



HELL'S A PLACE
WHERE I WOULD REIGN,
THIS VOLUME MAY
HELP ME OBTAIN
THE THRONE AND ALL
ITS CHARNEL GLORY,
THAT'S MY AIM, MY
GOAL, MY STOKY.

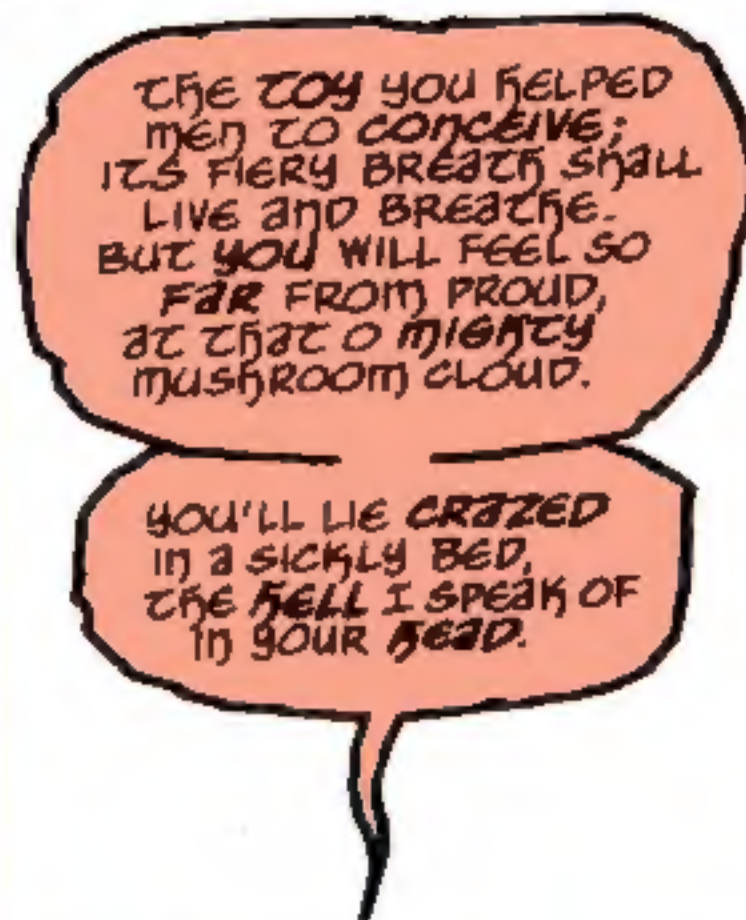


YOU HONESTLY
CLAIM TO BE A DEMON?
THAT'S--

NO. I
CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT.

YOU ASSUME
I CARE ONE JOT,
IF YOU BELIEVE
I AM OR NOT.

YOU WANT THE PROOF,
I'LL GIVE IT HERE.
YOU'LL KNOW TRUE
HELL WITHIN A YEAR.



THE TOY YOU HELPED
MEN TO CONCEIVE;
ITS FIERY BREATH SHALL
LIVE AND BREATHE.
BUT YOU WILL FEEL SO
FAR FROM PROUD,
AT THAT O MIGHTY
MUSHROOM CLOUD.

YOU'LL LIE CRAZED
IN A SICKLY BED,
THE HELL I SPEAK OF
IN YOUR HEAD.



AND SO IT IS I MUST DEPART,
TO BROOD AND PLOT MY
LOWLY ART.

I'LL LEAVE WHILE
WE'RE STILL OF
ACCORD...

BUT WE
HAVE SO
MUCH MORE
TO TALK
ABOUT...!

...OF
WHAT? I'M
THROUGH.
I'M DONE.
I'M
BORED.



WITH
NOTHING
LEFT TO
SAY OR
FIGHT...



...I'LL BID YOU
GO. FAREWELL!
GOODNIGHT!



The hell the Demon spoke of was Ted Knight's breakdown.

Indeed, the following year and the war's atomic end was not a time to rejoice. Not for Ted. He had been one of the theorists who'd helped at the onset of the Manhattan Project.

Whether his contribution had been so great as to make his guilt and subsequent breakdown in 1946 deserved may never be known.

But I wonder if Enola Gay's spawn was the only reason for Ted's collapse.

Or was a different kind of spawn and the knowledge that its existence meant that not everything lived by the rules of science...and that Ted Knight's world was suddenly that much more the fragile for knowing it...

...Also the cause of Stormman's sad descent from the heavens.

The End

Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP